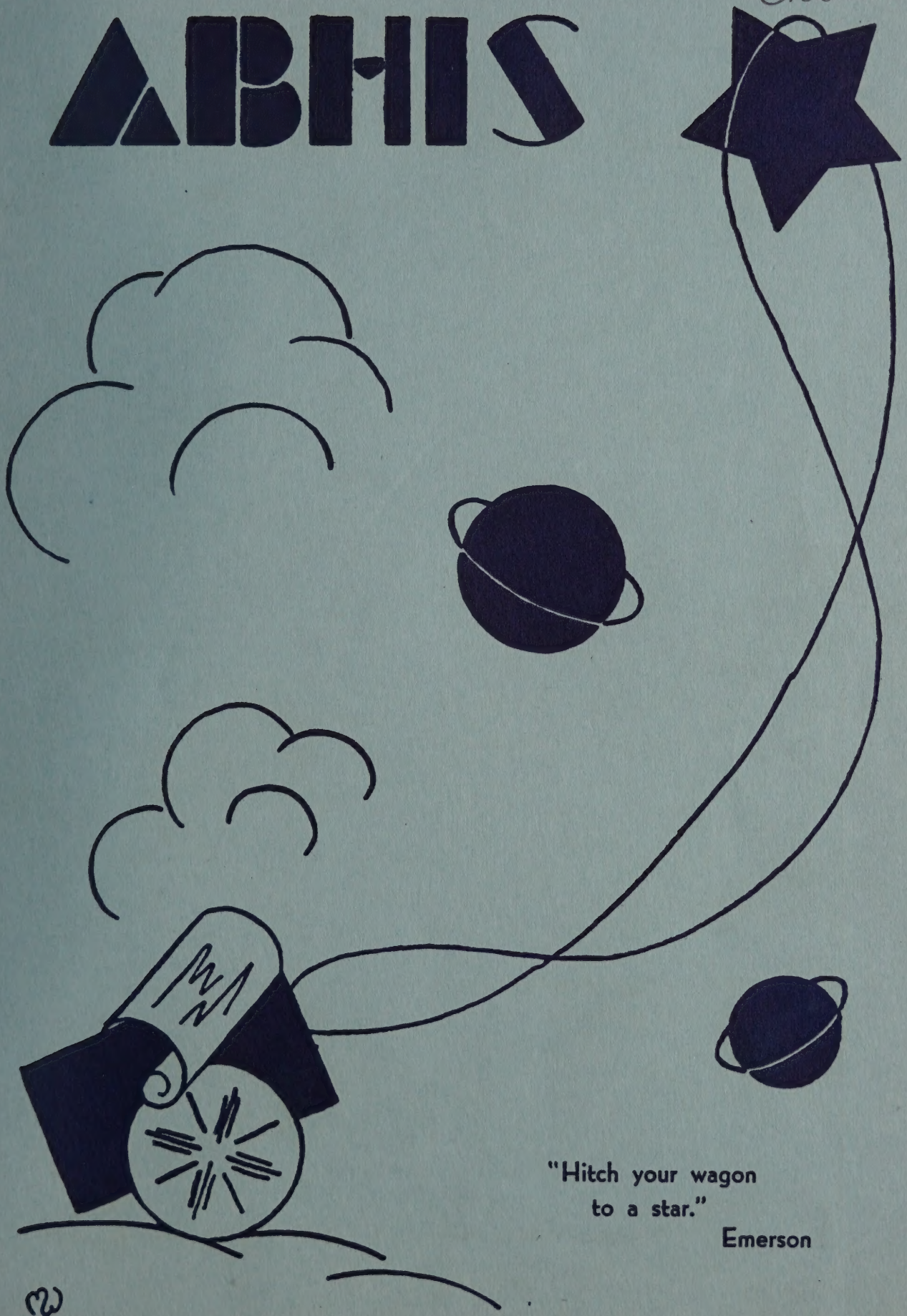
1941
Graduation

ABHS



"Hitch your wagon
to a star."
Emerson

LONDON CLOTHING CORPORATION

PRESENTS ITS HONOR ROLL

OF ABINGTON HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

Who Are Doing Yeoman Service

In the Corporation's Office Force:

(In Order of Years of Service)

HELEN FRANEY, '35
JOSEPH SAULENAS, '34
A. RITA BAILEY, '37
BARBARA BUTLER, '37
CATHERINE CAHILL, '40
BETTY FOWLER, '40
VIRGINIA CALLAHAN, '35

Beauty Culture

A VOCATION OF DIGNITY

Offers young men and women a life of Refinement, Security and Prosperity . .

Write Today

Our entire building is devoted to Day and Evening Classes conducted by Renowned Style Creators. Complete systematized courses. Most modern equipment.

MODERATE TUITION
CONVENIENT TERMS

Wilfred Graduates are in daily demand

FREE PLACEMENT BUREAU

For further information or for free booklet write or visit our Academy without obligation.

WILFRED ACADEMY

of Hair and Beauty Culture

492 Boylston St. Boston KENmore 0880

THE ABHIS

Abington High School, Abington, Mass.

VOL. XX JUNE, 1941 NO. 3

The ABHIS is published three times a year by the students of Abington High School, at twenty-five cents a copy. Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Business Managers. Subscriptions may be sent to the Circulation Manager. Materials for publications are earnestly requested from the Alumni of the school, and may be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

ABHIS STAFF FOR 1940-1941

Editor-in-Chief
Converse Blanchard

Literary Editor
Jeannette Clark

Assistants
Barbara Ward, Louise Blake, Carolyn Holmes, Robert Melville, Jane Gumpright

Art Editor
Marjorie Wheatley

Assistants
Jane MacGown, Doris Clapp

Business Manager
Clayton Craig

Advertising Manager
Robert Clements

Circulation Manager
Edward Kiely

Assistants
Franklin Perry, Frances MacPhelemy, Betty Smith, Harvey Griffith, Russell Gnong, Richard Robertson, Richard Johnson, Gordon McLean

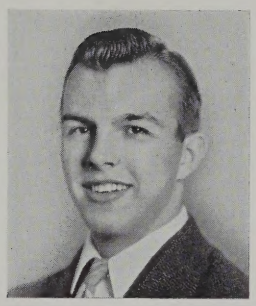
Typist
Dorothy Sampson

Faculty Advisers
Literary: Miss Annie Chadbourne
Business: Leonard Palopoli

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CLASS OF 1941 2
CLASS STATISTICS 13
EDITORIALS 14
LITERATURE 15
SPORTS 23
SCHOOL NEWS 24
ACTIVITIES 29

Class of 1941



ALEXANDER D'AMATO Alec

Ambition — Musical career

Band 1, 2, 3; Class President; Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4; Student Council Treas. 3; Senior Class Play.

GEORGE MacPHELEMY Mac

Ambition — Football Coach

Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4; Vice-president 3; Athletic Association 4, President 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

DORIS FAY Dotty

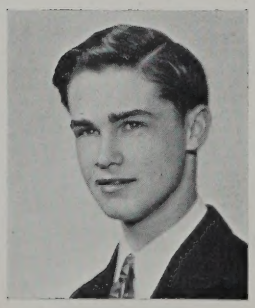
Ambition — Journalist

Abhis 1; *Green and White* 3, 4; G. A. C. 1, 2; Class Secretary-Treasurer 2, 3, 4.

WILLARD ALDEN Willie

Ambition — Medical Career

Hi-Y Club 4; Anatomy Club 2, 3; Driving Club 4.



ANNA ANGELEY Annie

Ambition — Costume Designer

Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Anatomy Club 2, 3; G. A. C. 1, 2.

JAMES ANGELEY Jimmy

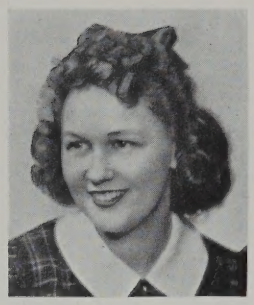
Ambition — Aviator

Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Green and White* 1, 2, 3, 4; Anatomy Club 2, 3; Driving Club 3, 4; Bicycle Club 3.

MARGUERITE ATWOOD Peggy

Ambition — Social Worker

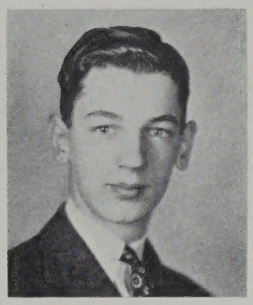
Foreign Correspondence Club 1; G. A. C. 4.

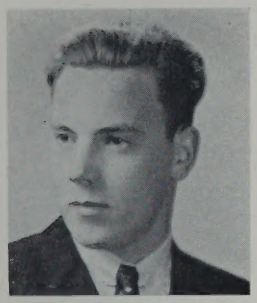


LOUIS BALCHUNAS Louie

Ambition — Swing band leader

Science Club 3, 4; *Green and White* 4; Bicycle Club 3; Senior Class Play 4.





BERNARD BARROWS Buck

Ambition — Ship Captain

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Capt 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4.

CONVERSE BLANCHARD Connie

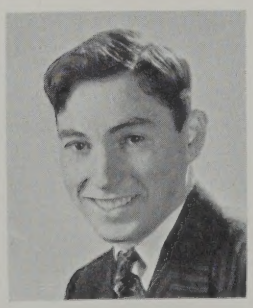
Ambition — Professor

Abhis 2, 3, 4, Ed. 4; Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4, President 4; *Green and White* 3; English Club 2, 3; Class Valedictorian.

GEORGE BLANCHARD Georgie

Ambition — Machinist

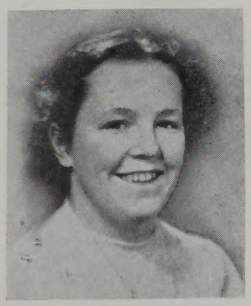
Football 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y Club 4.



MARY BOWDEN Bowie

Ambition — Hairdresser

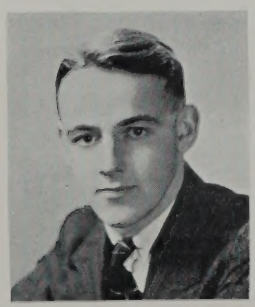
Glee Club 1, 2; Science Club 1; G. A. C. 1, 2.



GLORIA BROWN Brownie

Ambition — To be successful

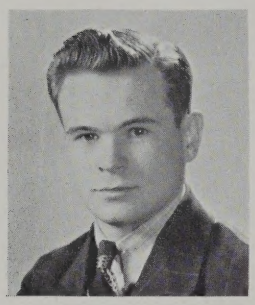
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Library Club 2, 3; Orchestra 2; English Club 2, 3, 4, President 4; Senior Class Play 4.



CHARLES CALDERARA Jr. Caldy

Ambition — Printer

Football 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager 3, 4; Track 3.



RICHARD CARLSON Dick

Ambition — Toolmaker

Football 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y Club 4; Glee Club 3; Senior Class Play Committee.

MARGUERITE CAULFIELD Peg

Ambition — Secretary

Glee Club 1; Science Club 3, 4; *Green and White* 2, 3; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager 4.

HELEN CIECINSKI Cinny

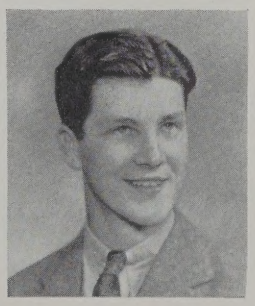
Ambition — Capable housewife

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Field Hockey 1, 2; Softball 1.

DORIS CLAPP Dot

Ambition — Missionary

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; English Club 2; *Abhis* 2, 3, 4; Senior Class Play 4; Bicycle Club 3.



JEANNETTE CLARK Clarkie

Ambition — Teacher

Abhis 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Editor 4; English Club 2, 3; Student Council 4; G. A. C. 3, 4; Senior Class Play.

ROBERT CLEMENTS Bob

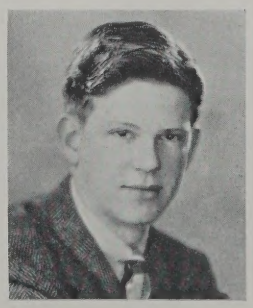
Ambition — College Graduate

Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4, Vice-president 4; *Abhis* 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Senior Class Play.

CLAYTON CRAIG Clate

Ambition — Executive

Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4, President 4; *Abhis* 2, 3, 4, Business Manager 4; *Green and White* 3; Hi-Y Club 3, 4; Senior Class Play.



HENRY CURTIS Curt

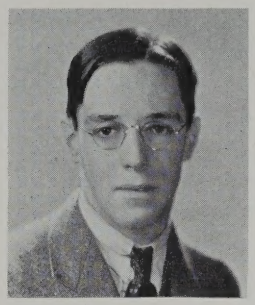
Ambition — Business man

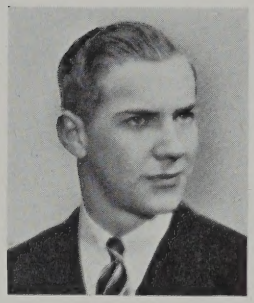
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1.

HOMER DARCHE Dashie

Ambition — Machine draftsman

Garden Club 1; Science Club 1; Drivers' Club 1; Stamp Club 1.





DONALD DAVIS Don

Ambition — Newspaper work

Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Football 4; Anatomy Club 2, 3; Senior Class Play.

PAULINE DENBROEDER Paul

Ambition — Secretary

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary-Treasurer 2; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Tennis Club 3; English Club 3.

DOROTHY DeWITT Dottie

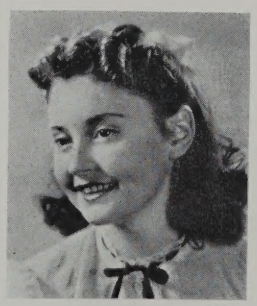
Ambition — Nurse

Glee Club 1, 2; Science Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Foreign Correspondence Club 1.

KATHARYN EMMONS Kathy

Ambition — Concert Singer

Green and White 3, 4, Art Editor 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 3; Senior Class Play.



MARTHA EVANS Mat

Ambition — Stenographer

Science Club 1; Glee Club 2; Foreign Correspondence Club 1.

SABOUH GARJIAN Pete

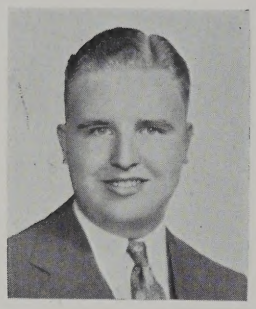
Ambition — Aircraftsman

Track 1; Hi-Y Club 3, 4.

ZABELLE GARJIAN Zabe

Ambition — Hairdresser

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Abhis* 3, 4, Assistant Art Editor 3, 4; Driving Club 4.



WALTER GIBSON Gibby

Ambition — Teacher

Green and White 1, 2, 3, 4, Assistant Editor 3; Bicycle Club 3; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 2, 3, 4, Secretary-Treasurer 2, 3; President 4.

ELIZABETH GILMAN Betty

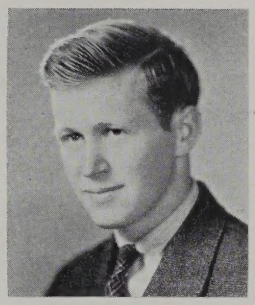
Ambition — Secretary

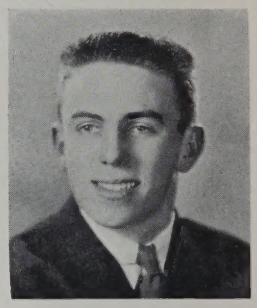
Green and White 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2; English Club 2; Library Club 2; Foreign Correspondence Club 1.

LESLIE GREENLEAF Jr. Red

Ambition — Business Executive

Baseball 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Correspondence Club 1.





LAWRENCE GRIFFIN Dutch

Ambition — Dairyman

Football 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Hi-Y Club 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

LEONA JANUSZEWSKA January

Ambition — Secretary

Glee Club 1; Science Club 2; Library Club; Senior Class Play.

DOROTHY JEFFERSON Dot

Ambition — Secretary

Glee Club 2; Science Club 2; G. A. C. 4; Foreign Correspondence Club 1.

ELEANORE JOHNSON El

Ambition — Social Secretary

Glee Club 3; G. A. C. 3, 4.

LEO KAHIAN Father

Ambition — R. C. Priest

Foreign Correspondence Club 1, 2, President 1, 2; Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 4; Football 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Track 2, 3, 4.

SYLVIA KATZ Syl

Ambition — Professor

Glee Club 1, 2; Science Club 3; Library Club 2, 3, 4; English Club 2, 3; G. A. C. 1.

SHIRLEY KENERSON Shirl

Ambition — Office work

Foreign Correspondence Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2.

VIRGINIA KENERSON Gin

Ambition — Model

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, President 4; G. A. C. 1, 2; Garden Club 2; Science Club 1; Driving Club 3.

DOROTHY KIELY Dot

Ambition — Stenographer

Green and White 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; English Club 2; *Abhis* 1, 2; Foreign Correspondence Club 1.

HELEN KIVI Ellen

Ambition — Dental Hygienist

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. C. 1, 2; Garden Club 2; Orchestra 1.

PHYLLIS LaPOINTE Phya

Ambition — Private Secretary

G. A. C. 2; Student Council 3; Glee Club 1; Basketball 4; Field Hockey 2.

HAROLD LOVELL Hal

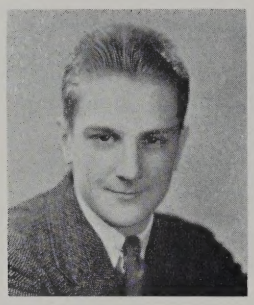
Ambition — Ensign

Football 2, 3, 4, Manager 4; Garden Club 2; Track 1, 2, 3, Manager 2, 3.

JAMES LUNDIN Jimmy

Ambition — Draftsman

Football 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Track 4; Hi-Y Club 4; Science Club 1.



HENRY MACKEIWICZ Mackey

Ambition — Public Accountant

Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Class Play.

BARBARA MacPHELEMY Barb

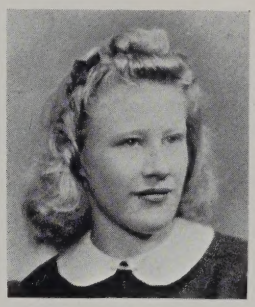
Ambition — Office worker

Foreign Correspondence Club 1.

JUNE MacPHELEMY Blondie

Ambition — Secretary

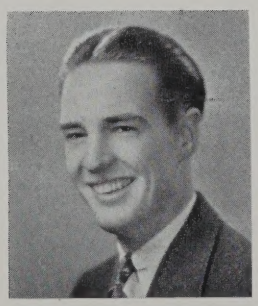
G. A. C. 2, 3, 4; Foreign Correspondence Club 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 2.

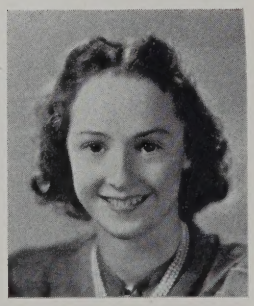


RUTH MATHESON Ruthie

Ambition — File Clerk

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.





JOHN McAULIFFE Honest

Ambition — Salesman

Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Science Club 1; Hi-Y Club 4; Senior Class Play.

JEANNE McGEOCH Jeannie

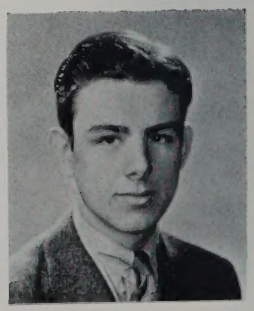
Ambition — Nurse

Library Club 2; Anatomy Club 2, 3.

AMY McMANN Emmie

Ambition — Secretary

Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1.



REX MELVILLE Tex

Ambition — Professor

Green and White 4, Editor 4; *Abhis* 3.

JEAN MERRILL Jeannie

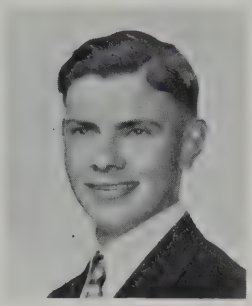
Ambition — Joke composer

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Library Club 2, 3, 4, President 4; *Green and White* 4, Secretary 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 2, 3, 4.

HELEN MORIARTY Sis

Ambition — Accountant

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, president 4; *Green and White* 4, Literary Editor 4; Library Club 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2.



NORMAN NORTH Fip

Ambition — Machinist

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 3, 4.

NICHOLAS O'BRIEN Nicky

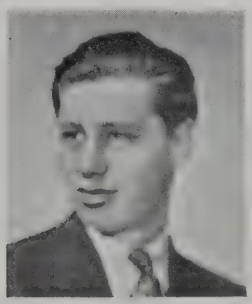
Ambition — College graduate

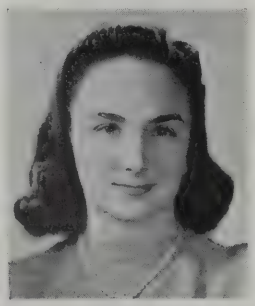
Baseball 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y Club 4; Science Club 2, Vice-president 2.

WALTER PASTUSZAK Wheatie

Ambition — Coach of football or basketball

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2; Hi-Y Club 4.





PRISCILLA PEAVEY Cilla

Ambition — Teacher

Science Club 4; Library Club 3, Secretary 3; English Club 2; Anatomy Club 3; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4.

JUNE PETERSON Pete

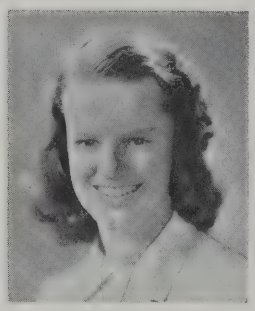
Ambition — Army nurse

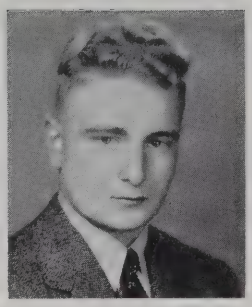
Library Club 2, 3, Vice-president 3; Science Club 1, 3; Glee Club 4; Foreign Correspondence Club 1; Anatomy Club 3.

JEANNE PHIPPS Phippsie

Ambition — Navy Nurse

Science Club 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3; Glee Club 1, 2; Anatomy Club 2, 3; Foreign Correspondence Club 1, 2.





MEREDITH PORTER Merry

Ambition — Dietician

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. C. 1; Garden Club 2.

JOHN PROFFIT Johnnie

Ambition — Machinist

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Stamp Club 1.

EDNA RAPLES Ed

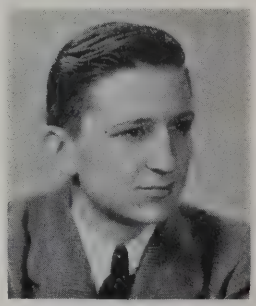
Ambition — Secretary

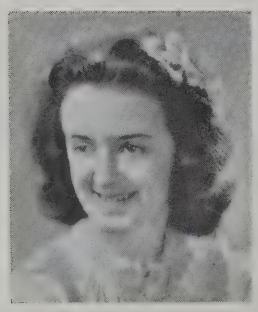
Green and White 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Council 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Library Club 3.

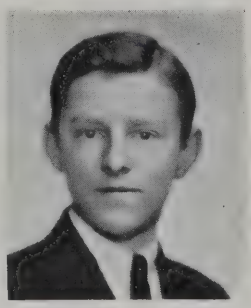
JOHN RICEAWICH Ricey

Ambition — Mechanic

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2.







DOROTHY SAMPSON Dottie

Ambition — To be an opera singer

Science Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. C. 3, 4; Foreign Correspondence Club 1.

WALLACE SAULENAS Wally

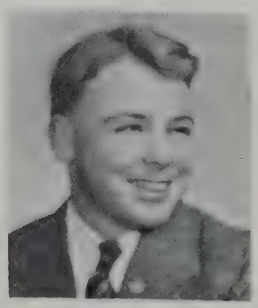
Ambition — Business Financier

Garden Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Correspondence Club 1; Science Club 1; Stamp Club 1.

WARREN SEAMAN Warry

Ambition — Aeronautical Engineer

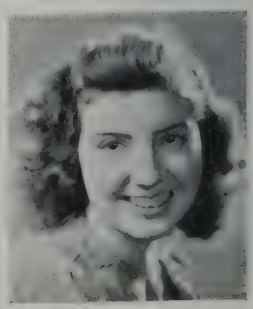
Hi-Y Club 3, 4; Science Club 4; Track 3; Bicycle Club 3.



MERILYN SHAPLEIGH Merry

Ambition — Journalist

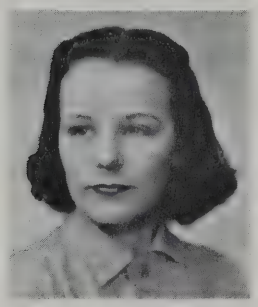
Glee Club 4; G. A. C. 4.



JANET SMITH Jan

Ambition — Nurse

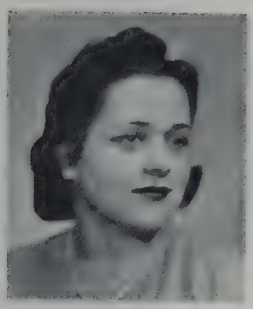
Green and White 1, 2, 3, Business Manager 3; English Club 2; Student Council 1; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1.

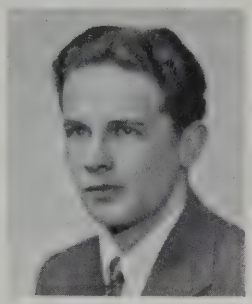


MARJORIE SMITH Smitt

Ambition — Nurse

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3.





MARIE SOUZA Susie

Ambition — Nurse

Library Club 3, 4; Anatomy Club 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Council 4.

EDMUND STANKEWICZ Ed

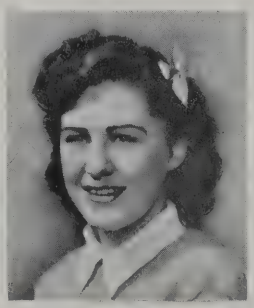
Ambition — Machinist

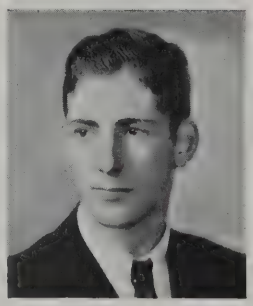
Hi-Y Club 3, 4, Secretary 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4.

BARBARA STEVENS Barb

Ambition — Nurse

Science Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; *Green and White* 3; Glee Club 2, 3; Senior Class Play.

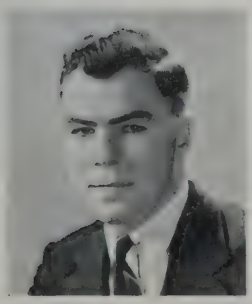


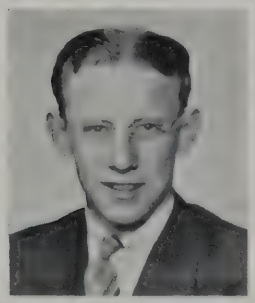


EVERETT STODDARD Spike

Ambition — President of the United States

Senior Class Play; *Green and White* 3, 4; Political Campaign 4, Chairman of Democrats.





CHESTER STONE Chet

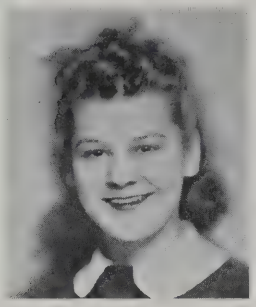
Ambition — Track Coach

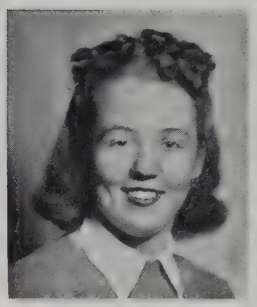
Basketball 3; Football 3; Track 3; Political Campaign 4, Chairman of Republicans; Glee Club 4.

WILLIAM TAYLOR Bill

Ambition — Business man

Foreign Correspondence Club 1, 2; *Abhis* 1, 2; *Green and White*, 3, 4; Business Manager 3, 4; Track 2.





MADELYN THOMPSON Maddy

Ambition — Nurse

Green and White 3, 4; G. A. C. 3, 4; English Club 3; Science Club 3; Basketball 4.

BARBARA WARD Barb

Ambition — Hairdresser

Abhis 1, 2, 3; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; *Green and White* 4; Science Club 1, 2; English Club 2.

MARGARET WHEATLEY Mardie

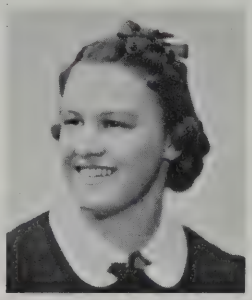
Ambition — Tennis champion

G. A. C. 4; *Abhis* 4.

MARJORIE WHEATLEY Margie

Ambition — To be happy

Abhis 2, 3, 4, Art Editor 3, 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; English Club 2, 3, Vice-president 3; Senior Class Play.



MURIEL WYMAN Wy

Ambition — Beautician

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 3; Glee Club 1; Foreign Correspondence Club 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

ALICE WYSOCKY Al

Ambition — Nurse

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Council 4, Vice-president 4; Library Club 3; Anatomy Club 2; Foreign Correspondence Club 1.

GRAHAM AKER Skippy

Ambition — To be a success

Green and White 4, Business Manager 4; Glee Club 4; Senior Class Play.

CARL BOMBARDIER Frenchie

Ambition — Machinist

Bicycle Club 3; Foreign Correspondence Club 1; Garden Club 2.

HERBERT LIBBY Skeetz

Ambition — Cabinet Maker

Basketball 3; Football 2.

MILDRED LIBBY Millie

Ambition — Music Instructor

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. C. 4.

DONALD ROBERTSON Monk

Ambition — Race Handicapper

Hi-Y Club 3, 4; Student Council 4; Glee Club 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4.

JOHN WILLIAMS Johnnie

Ambition — Soldier

Bicycle Club 2.

CLASS STATISTICS

Best All-Around	George MacPhelemy, Jeanette Clark
Best Athlete	George MacPhelemy, Helen Moriarty
Best Orator	Leo Kahian, Gloria Brown
Best Physique	George MacPhelemy, Leona Januszewski
Best Natured	James Lundin, Muriel Wyman
Best Dancer	Henry Curtis, Betty Gilman
Most Respected	George MacPhelemy, Doris Fay
Most Popular	Clayton Craig, Jeanette Clark
Best Looking	Robert Clements, Marjorie Wheatley
Most Sincere	George MacPhelemy, Doris Fay
Most Typical School Boy (Girl)	Clayton Craig, Dorothy DeWitt
Most Retiring	John Williams, Barbara MacPhelemy
Most Helpful to Class and School	Walter Gibson, Jean Phipps
Most Loyal to Class and School	Clayton Craig, Doris Fay
Most Unselfish	Clayton Craig, Margaret Wheatley
Most Considerate of Others	Clayton Craig, Doris Fay
Most Individual	Donald Davis, Sylvia Katz
Most Dignified	Robert Clements, Gloria Brown
Best Actor (Actress)	Clayton Craig, Gloria Brown
Most Obliging	Clayton Craig, Jean Phipps
Most Tactful	Rex Melville, Margaret Wheatley
Most Friendly	Leslie Greenleaf, Betty Gilman
Greatest Socialite	Walter Gibson, Betty Gilman
Most Absent-Minded	James Lundin, Anna Angeley
Most Refined	Robert Clements, Jeannette Clark
Hardest Worker	Converse Blanchard, Marjorie Wheatley
Most Temperamental	Walter Pastuzak, Gloria Brown
Wittiest	Clayton Craig, Jean Merrill
Most Popular With Teachers	Converse Blanchard, Jeannette Clark
Most Practical	John Riceawich, Gloria Brown
Best Conversationalist	John McAuliffe, Betty Gilman
Most Courteous	Clayton Craig, Margaret Wheatley
Most Conscientious	Converse Blanchard, Doris Fay
Neatest	Warren Seaman, Muriel Wyman
Most Likely to Succeed	Converse Blanchard, Marjorie Wheatley

EDITORIALS

DO YOU BELIEVE IN AMERICA?

With the world now engaged in a struggle to decide whether democracy shall live, it is fitting that we think of what it means to believe in America, home of democracy. Democracy has been defined as "political or social equality." If one would believe in America, one must believe in this status of man. In the United States the common people have, in both their political and social lives, the liberty of expressing their ideas.

To believe in America means to believe in the right of man to think as he pleases, and in the equality of all races, no matter what faith they are. In certain countries whole races of people are being persecuted and driven away. If we are to maintain a democratic country we must stop the "bunds" and "isms" which would give this country over to tyranny and persecution.

Most important of all, however, is a belief in the destiny of America. It is necessary for one to have the faith that democracy must and can outlive all dictatorships and governments of oppression. This country has just begun to use its natural resources and capture its inland waterways. When we have adapted ourselves to this great land, we shall become a lighthouse to the persecuted. However, this rise above material things must be accomplished by Americans, without the help of foreign agents. It can be done with the cooperation of big business and labor and by each citizen's saying within his heart, "Yes, I do believe in America as a refuge for the oppressed and a beacon light to all the small nations of the world."

Robert Melville, '42

REFORMS NEEDED IN MY SCHOOL

Although Abington High School is an excellent one considering its size and the population of the town, it, like all other schools, can afford to better itself. No matter how good a school system is, there is always room for improvement.

It is rather difficult for one to name many reforms that could take place at Abington High School. In the past few years, the school has been undergoing constant change. The curriculum has been extended so that now it can better meet the needs and desires of the students. There are, however, a few subjects that would prove worthwhile to the school which are not now included in the curriculum. Some of these subjects are journalism, study of machinery for boys, public speaking, Spanish, and fashion and design.

These subjects are being taught in other high schools and are proving to be very beneficial. Larger schools, of course, can better afford to have an extensive curriculum. With a large population, it is possible for the city adequately to support its school system; and, therefore, its curriculum can be made more extensive than that of any small school.

Abington High School has one of the best athletic fields in the district. The different teams supported by the school are fully equipped. However, the gym equipment, for the girls, especially, could stand improvement. Some new equipment has been purchased by the Girls' Athletic Club, but this club's treasury is not sufficiently large to purchase all of the material needed. It has cost the town a great deal of money to erect this fine school building. Perhaps, when some of the expenses thus incurred have been met, it will be possible for the school to buy some new equipment.

Another change which could be brought about with satisfactory results is the forming of an honor society in the school. This society could be similar to the Pro Merito Society that has been formed at several high schools in the district. Such an organization would create a desire in the student to do better work so that he might be honored by being made a member of the club. Such a society would prove invaluable to the school.

There is still another place in which Abington High School can afford to better itself, that is in its band. As it is now, the band is very good for its size, but it is not nearly as large as it should be. School spirit seems to be lacking when it comes to joining the school band, because there must be several boys and girls who have the ability to play musical instruments but who do not take any active interest in the band.

A nearby school, which is smaller than Abington High, has an excellent school band. This band has captured many prizes because of its outstanding ability.

Time is not standing still; as usual, it is moving forward constantly. In order to keep up with Time, things in general must also change. They must move forward, or they may find themselves out of date. Schools and their methods must change if they are to keep up with other schools. In order that they may change, they must constantly create new ideas and make reforms.

Doris Fay, '41

LITERATURE

Beyond

Mary Blanchard, '43

PLODDED on through the dense, tangled jungle that seemed to delight in torturing me. There was no water to relieve my swollen mouth; there was no food to appease my aching stomach, and every bone in my body ached incessantly. Though there was not one ray of light coming through the mass of growth overhead, I could feel the horrible heat — heat as I had never felt it before pressing against me on all sides. Not once during those long hours did the sun let up its defying intensity.

Were my eyes playing tricks on me? Was I slowly going mad? There, far ahead, I was able to discern a lake — thanks be to God! The sun's reflection shone brightly on the water and as I looked a breeze faintly wrinkled the surface. I shouted for pure joy and ran quickly, stumbling in my haste. But what was this? I could get no closer to that beauty and tranquillity, that divine coolness. I soon tired and slowed to a walk. The jungle again closed around me and there was no lake, no breeze, no relief. I stumbled on- -on- -on- - -.

I awoke with a start. Cold sweat covered my face. Quickly I snapped on the lamp beside my bed. Here I was safe and sound. The dream was only a nightmare, only a nightmare that came night after night. I lay quietly thinking of my dream and my thoughts wound along the same path they took every other night I awoke in this manner. I always ended by asking myself, "Which is worse, my life or this horrible nightmare?"

I never could answer this and I, truthfully, never wanted to. I pushed these thoughts to the back of my head and concentrated on other things, my friends, parties, business, my wife — ah, yes, my wife, and there I was pulling those thoughts from the recess of my mind. I realized trying to avoid something only brought that something nearer to me; accordingly I reviewed the events in my life which made me a tragic figure.

About twenty-five years ago, it seems like a hundred now, I met Anne, the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. We were introduced at a dinner given by a friend of mine. I immediately liked her, first for her beauty, but later for her charm. From that day on I saw her constantly and soon I had fallen deeply in love with her, and she with me — so I thought then. As I think of it now, I truly believe, in all my life I was never so happy as then. The world was at my feet and I was master of it all! To make my happiness complete we were to be married very soon.

Oh, those delightful hours we spent together, planning our home and future!

The eventful day dawned bright and clear. It was a drowsy day; the flowers were in full bloom and the bees droned lazily about. It was a day when one felt that beauty and happiness were everywhere.

Less than an hour before the wedding, I received a telegram from Anne. It stated bluntly that by the time I read this she would be in New York, married to another man.

I didn't believe it. I stood cold and numb. I read it again and again, but still it had no meaning. Suddenly the sun no longer shone so brightly; the flowers seemed withered and dead and no longer was the world fair.

Months later I married a girl I had known all my life. I knew she loved me but I could not return that love wholeheartedly. I married her only because it became the one means of escape from gossip; I did not care any longer what I did with myself. At times the sight of my wife was repulsive to me. I sat and brooded for hours, mourning over the life that might have been. I treated my wife abominably and shortly her love changed to hate. I could not blame her for hating me; I took joy in her hatred. I hated everyone and desired everyone to hate me and leave me alone. I wondered at myself for this and thought what a bitter, sordid person I had become. But these self-reproving moments never lasted long and soon failed ever to come.

One night long ago I had a remarkably clear dream in which I was struggling to get out of a jungle. The following morning I gave it no second thought. To my amazement, the dream returned again and again. Gradually it began to madden me. It made me more irritable (if possible) than I had already been. My wife

and I had long, bitter quarrels. I knew it was I who was at fault. I never could believe I would have said the things I did, but some voice within me urged me on. I made myself believe that by hurting her I would hurt Anne.

As I lay there reliving my life to that present moment, my mind became weary and my eyelids grew heavy. I slept till morning.

The days wore on, long and dreary, and I realized how closely connected were my dream and my life, for in both I was trying to get away from something that tortured me. In life it was the memory of Anne. In my dream it was the terrific heat.

One night I had a quiet, untroubled sleep, free from that dream that had not left me for many months. The next night it was the same and for many nights after.

But then the dream came again although it was a little different than before. Ordinarily the vision of the lake would fade as I ran, but tonight as I ran I grew closer and closer to the water, which did not fade away until I was very near, then as usual I awoke.

It was at that moment that the truth came upon me; I realized what it all meant. The moment I reached safety and relief in my dream, my life would also find relief and cease altogether. I would go to the place where all is good and kind. Where that is, only He knows.

This realization struck me only last night. Today I am living as though I were wrapped in a thick, impenetrable fog. People have talked to me; I have only seen their lips move; I hear nothing. I have gone through the regular motions of living subconsciously. I know what is coming. I realize it as a joy. It is an escape from this ever-haunting ugliness. Maybe tonight or tomorrow night or some night soon I shall die. I cannot explain how I know I am going, but I am as sure of it as I am sure of my name. The thought of living is more unbearable to me than the thought of death.

I can imagine clearly how it will be. In my dream I shall run towards the sparkling, cool water but this time it will not fade from my vision until I have become wholly immersed in it, both physically and spiritually. When I reach it, it will be calm and quiet. The sun will shine brightly but its rays will not hold such terrifying heat. There will be food and water and rest, and above all, complete happiness.

My mind is growing hazy now. I can write no more, I do not seem to have the strength to hold a pen. Perhaps — perhaps — this is it!

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED FROM MARY WHITE

In the short, poignant tribute dedicated by William Allen White to his deceased daughter, we see her not only through the eyes of a fond, heart-broken father, but also through the eyes of a simple-fair-minded man, who loved his daughter dearly and who even at such a mournful time could see her faults as stacked up beside her many fine traits.

As told by her father, the story of Mary White is inspirational to those of us who have been fortunate enough to read it. The girl was quite evidently an inspiration to her father not only in time of great stress but also during their every day life together. She left him with a beautiful memory of herself and her eagerness for life, love, and beauty. Upon her death he did not write of her in a morbid vain but rather in a reminiscent way of what his daughter had been like and what she might have meant to the world *if* only she could have stayed a little longer. He wrote of her as she really was — not as a beautiful child with never a misdeed to her credit. As he put it, "No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with, for she never nursed a grouch five minutes in her life."

She was what is known today as the "average American girl." No false pretenses or "airs" lingered about *her!* She refused to have her hair turned up for fear of being considered grown-up — in this modern day and age when almost every girl *lives* for the day when she will reach young womanhood and will be permitted to put up her hair and lengthen her gowns.

She was always gay and light-hearted, joyous and fun-loving, but also serious, practical and earnest. A rare combination — but — Mary White was a rare girl. She always had the urge to help other people, never wanting anything for herself. Her father tells us of the extreme difficulty he and Mrs. White had in getting her to wear a new outfit, or "rig," as he called it.

Mary White was one of the happiest girls in the world — happiest when crusading for the poor, the under-privileged, the unfortunates who are forgotten by all their fellow beings except by the Mary Whites in the world — who never forget. She was not the sort of girl who discriminated among her friends — colored or white, rich or poor — all held equal places in the spacious heart of Mary White.

We could easily call her a philanthropist. Men and women who give a great deal of money to charitable organizations are termed philanthropists. But William Allen White's daughter gave more than money to the poor and artificial

(Continued on page 24)

On Furlough

Elsie E. Bowmar, '43

GROUPS of rowdyish looking men sat around the oaken tables; their steins overflowed with German ale, and their mouths spouted rough talk. There was one man, however, who appeared intent upon a manuscript he was preparing. This singular nucleus of quietness attracted a visitor. A wooden bucket filled with crushed ice and water, on which a silvered bottle floated acted as a magnet. The writer beckoned the visitor to sit at his table. He continued writing for a few minutes, then snuffed out his cigarette, and laid down his pen, pushed his hat back, and said, "You know, there aren't many days in Germany when you get a bottle of champagne and a story like this, too." His eyes shifted to the paper on which he had been working. A dark shadow overspread his features. He lit a cigarette and watched the smoke drift upward toward the dusty rafters.

"If you'll just listen to this," he said rearranging the pencilled papers, "it may explain the presence of the aristocratic champagne in my possession, — and may it not explain your presence too?"

The visitor caught the remark, but passed it by, and out of courtesy listened to the following story:

"It all began when Paul Bernstoff, a German naval officer knocked at David Mansfield's door. Mansfield was war correspondent by trade and personal friend of Bernstoff's. The officer's stature and cleanliness gave him the appearance of a thoroughbred; he had that sleek smooth look that comes from rigid training. He talked with Mansfield for a while, then Mrs. Mansfield entered the room. She was an attractive woman, but that morning she appeared different from usual. She wore a tweed suit and she had brushed her hair somehow into loose, almost transparent curls around her face, like a halo. Her husband and the officer watched her and she smiled graciously. The smile affected Bernstoff. He examined his feet and the design of the wine-colored rug for a moment, then he raised his brow and mused thoughtfully, 'Yours is a beautiful smile, Mrs. Mansfield.' After this brief deliverance he went out into the hall, got an old bucket, brought it into the living room and presented it to Mansfield, who upon examining the bucket found that it contained a bottle of champagne. The label was partly deleted, but he judged from what he could see of it, that it was a '09 vintage. They sat in silence for a few gauche moments; then the words which had for months been carefully forming in the German's mind came forth . . . .

'About a year ago, a year ago yesterday, I was granted a twenty-four hour furlough. Linda and I planned to have the whole day together. The sun rose steadily from its crater in the snow-crusted hills and streaked the ashen sky with rosy intervals. My breath frosted in the chill morning air. I looked out of the window and saw that even at such an early hour the traffic on the street was heavy. Uniformed men patrolled the walks and women bustled about; young girls were dressed in the Reich garb, even children roamed the streets. Upon turning around I saw Linda donning a trim tweed outfit. At that time I thought it strange we should be at war with England when the only decent clothes our women were able to wear came from that enemy isle. I kissed her lovely throat, at once soft and fragrant. Her face looked kind and fragile as a China doll's. She always smiled when I kissed her; — and Mrs. Mansfield, your smile is so much like Linda's. That morning I watched her comb her hair; then she put the comb on the dresser and came over to me. In her hand she had a tiny square box. She gave it to me and said, "Paul, may I wear it today, may I Paul? Married a year ago today, remember?"

She asked me if I remembered. Dear God! did I remember! She was trembling when she said, "In some places a wedding ring has significance, but here in . . ." I didn't want her to say it; it was not for her to say. I took her hand and placed the diamond-set platinum band on her finger. It was the type of jewelry valued by the government, but it meant more to us than it did to them. The ring brought back the color in her face and she appeared frightened no longer. She smiled, even her eyes were smiling; everything about her radiated love and happiness. I couldn't help but hold her in my arms and kiss her cheeks, both of them warm as fresh milk.

We were going to tour the mountains and Linda packed a lunch while I checked the bicycles. When I returned to the house she stood in the kitchen doorway with a long-knecked bottle in her hands. "Champagne, for you," she said triumphantly. We packed the priceless champagne in ice and secreted it in the wine cellar.

The sun was getting high in the sky; the air was cold, but the weather was fine for cycling; there was not a cloud or hint of mist. At nine o'clock we were on our way. Several times we stopped and rested; then about mid-day when the sun was highest I unstrapped our lunch basket from the chromium bar and spread a woolen robe on the ground. We had picked a pleasant spot on the summit of a hill where we could peer down on a miniature world. Through the forest of bare brown trees we saw a brook, a thread of blue woven into the brown landscape. At a little distance away there was a solitary house set off the narrow road. We watched the chickens scurrying about the yard in which a shepherd dog kept watch. I could imagine the place in the spring; the trees would burst forth with green buds, those harbingers of leaves and flowers, and from under the decayed winter leaves in the shadows of the silver birches violets would show their heads and snow drops would bloom from beneath a blanket of white, that light snow that comes in early spring. A stonewall, tumbled and irregular, shut in the scene. I should have liked to live there, in that quiet niche of God's earth where I could feel the dirt under my feet and between my fingers.

Linda said she would relish a cup of hot coffee, so hot it would warm her toes. The gentle wind blew her tawny hair. I pushed it out of her face, then kissed her on the tip of her nose and said, "Race you, Linda." We were on our bicycles in an instant, riding with the wind down the steep decline.

"Paul, the people in the house are Dutch."

"Oh, no, German," I turned my head around and she was pedalling fast, trying to beat me, too fast. I saw everything in four dimensions, whirling. It all happened in a split second. It seemed as if I had been asleep. I looked at the sky and there was one round cloud, perfect for one moment; then the center faded; it broke and scattered with the wind. It was Linda, something had happened to Linda. I tried to get from under the tangled bicycle and then when I saw her, my heels dug the ground. It wasn't human that such a thing should happen. I bent down to her and she whispered, "Paul, the ring, it's gone." I knelt beside her; I went to touch her head; to put my arm around her shoulder, but the moan she made was indescribable. I had to get her to the farmhouse. It seemed to me she uttered a word, and her voice made me appreciate what she was undergoing. A broken neck! I'd heard about such, but dear Father, not Linda! I thought I was screaming, but I wasn't making a sound. As I moved her hand I saw the ring. I twisted it on my own finger; I wanted it there, but no. I leaned over her shoulder and said, "Linda, do you hear? Linda, the ring, I have it." She had heard me and there it was on her finger, glowing like a white flame.

The wind came up very cold of a sudden and the sun disappeared under the fast forming clouds. As I bent nearer her face I could see by the fading of her cheeks and swelling of her eyes that she was going to die in my arms. She tried to breathe deeply and said, "Paul, do all the Germans burn? I can feel it now, Paul. Please stop it." It is strange when you know a person is going to die, but you don't respond to that feeling for some time. Then when the dear ones are farthest away you want them nearest you. I was crazed. The shock caused by this sudden realization that she was dying had pierced like a knife into my heart. Dying there in my arms! She didn't even know what she was saying. When I felt her slipping away from me I took her hand and crushed it to my lips. I hurt her; I must have. Tears welled in her eyes and she moved her lips, then closed them. I knew I must answer her question — Do all Germans burn? — why should she ask that, "No, no, Linda, you won't burn. Your soul will go to a place where there is a goodness and peace: God's own kingdom, ruled by the spirit of love." I could hardly believe that these were my words, but they sounded well and seemed to make sense. I looked into her face and for the last time she smiled upon me; then the smile disappeared and her face became still, her body limp.

I couldn't leave her lying there; the snow would cover her. I picked her up and carried her. The snow fell fast and light as down. The flakes that fell on Linda's hair looked like diamond shavings. The shepherd dog barked as I neared the cottage; a woman came from the inside and called back to her husband. The voice, as it rang in my ears, wasn't German; of course, it was Dutch. Linda was dead, but I had to see her smile again. I held her pink ear close to my face and under a veil of tears said, "Linda, the people in the house were Dutch. Yes, Linda, Dutch." I closed my eyes and remembered her smile and then it was goodbye.' "

The story was finished; the papers were on the table, face down. The two men sat quietly and gazed around; they saw that the steins were empty and that all the faces were turned toward their table and the voices were hushed. The visitor fingered the tines of a fork, each separately. Ashamed to show his reaction, he said, "Let's have this free champagne and get everything off our minds." The writer's face became

(Continued on page 23)

Propaganda

Sylvia Katz, '41

THE wide system of communications, which science has made possible for the world, should be a powerful agent in promoting harmony and understanding among the people of the earth. Such a system should help to encourage the friendly sharing among nations of ideas and culture.

Unfortunately, our worldly assets have been turned into distorted liabilities of hate, prejudice, and violence. The dissemination of ideas has been fully utilized by unprincipled governments. Upon our ability to discern true from false, rational from irrational, good from bad, rests the fate of civilization. Propaganda, which was once the "projection of ideas", has now become the "deliberate design, with reference to predetermined ends, to influence opinions in individuals". (Tressler's *English in Action,* pp. 35-38)

Propaganda is not completely new to the world. We find propagandistic drama as far back as some of the plays of Aristophanes and Euripides. The line in drama is a long one. It continues through the religious and morality plays of the Middle Ages down to the plays of the present day. (Saturday *Review of Literature* Sept. 16, 1939, Article "Literature as Propaganda," by H. Hazlitt, pp. 13-15)

One of the greatest factors in inciting the American Revolution was Thomas Paine's pamphlet entitled "Common Sense". In this pamphlet Paine recommended the separation of the colonies from Great Britain. For his subsequent revolutionary periodical, "The Crisis", he has been considered by historians one of the founders of our country.

One of our greatest weapons against the diffusing of facts is a thorough knowledge of the tricks of the propaganda trade. "Name calling" is one of the most popular devices. In this case, the propagandist attaches to a man or a movement an unpopular name, which may lead to condemnation without evidence. During the American Revolution, the tag of "Tory" caused untold violence to be directed against innocent people. It was a term of abuse implying dishonesty and treachery. At the present time, such labels as "dictator", "Communist", "Nazi", are quick catch-words for inciting hatred.

How many times have we heard our guiding principles questioned in "glittering generalities", such as, Does it help forward a more perfect union? Does it aid justice? Does it promote the general welfare? We hear the cry for public spirit, the call for all good Americans to rise and defend their glorious birthright. These are phrases on which our democratic system is based. To question our guiding principles is to question the worth of the union.

Another popular propaganda artifice is known as "card stacking" or "the selective manipulation of facts." In this case, the facts are told in half-truths, and are thrown in such a light as to appear distorted.

This is an example of the "plain folks appeal" used mostly by politicians. "Elect me for your next mayor, and at last, have a man of the people serving the people." The one who says this in reality may have very little knowledge of the needs of the plain people he intends to serve.

Among other tricks, are the citing of facts and figures from sources not accessible to the public, the old advertisers trick of testimonial, and the call to jump on the bandwagon. In the case of testimonial, we usually find some popular screen actress supposedly endorsing a soap she has probably never used. "Everybody's doing it" is the call for folks to jump on the bandwagon before it is too late. (New Republic September 20, 1939, Article "How Propaganda Works" by J. Chamberlain, pp. 193-193)

In the broadest sense, propaganda is the spreading of a particular doctrine or system of principles. Thus, literature and propaganda would be identical. However, propaganda has ceased to have so broad a meaning. Propaganda has become an art which is not regarded by its creator as sufficient end in itself, but merely as a means toward achieving some other end.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a propagandistic novel. Not only is it directed toward reform, but toward a very specific reform, the abolition of Negro slavery; and no one is left in doubt regarding its intention.

Today, temptations to write propaganda — particularly propaganda on social questions — are probably greater than in any previous period. The novelist of strong social feeling, moreover, has even a more direct temptation than those of previous generations to write propaganda in the guise of fiction, because our world is so full of conflicting ideas and opinions.

Of course, it is always open to him to agitate for reforms in a direct pamphlet; but with a novel, even if it is only ostensibly a novel, it is possible for him to reach a much wider audience. A direct argument will be read only by those who are already interested in a serious way, while a novel may enlist the interest of people who have not previously thought much about the given subject.

Propagandistic literature is accompanied by great dangers. The reader is apt to wonder how much the dice are loaded. How typical is the alleged typical case? Were all the Okies driven from the dust bowl honest, well-meaning, and industrious like the Joad family? Were California fruit growers all as cold-blooded, heartless, and grasping as characterized in "Grapes of Wrath?" While "Grapes of Wrath" creates sympathy for one class of people, it creates distrust and hatred for another. In truth both classes are in some degree responsible for the trouble. (*Saturday Review of Literature* Sept. 16, 1939, Article "Literature as Propaganda" by H. Hazlitt, pp. 13-15)

Whether we are aware of it or not, there are efficient propaganda machines constantly working on us. With each new happening in the world, there forces are trying to influence our opinions. Simultaneous with the news of the Nazi invasion of Bulgaria, came the release to the United States of a German cartoon. Churchill was pictured as a vicious gorilla sweeping down on the Balkans, who were playing as peacefully as children. (Newsweek Feb. 17, 1941, Cartoon p. 35)

Britain is also expending her propagandistic effort on the United States. I noticed an example of English propaganda recently. The Nazis were shown as a huge whale about to gobble up small defenseless Britain, Jonah, if the strong United States standing by would not smite the whale by lending its aid. (Newsweek Mar. 10, 1941, Cartoon p. 24)

As we look about us, and begin to realize the immense strength of propaganda, we can see what a grave obstacle we have to combat. Indeed, there is no greater urgency at this time than the need for truth. This fight for truth is not one of bombers, tanks, and men. It will not be a blitzkrieg. It will not call for the abolishment of free speech as a means to stop unfavorable propaganda. This will be a crusade to teach people to think clearly and carefully. When the battle has been won, the world will be invulnerable to propagandistic bullets, for it will be able to detect untruths readily. Thus, they will have no effect. We must learn how to think so propagandists can not tell us what to think.

CONFORMITY AS AN ENEMY TO PROGRESS

THE above title may at first glance strike the reader as being a sarcastic remark used by nonconformists, which, although it is on the comical side, points out the absurdity of conforming to the beliefs and actions of others. Such a remark may, however, concern such acts as jumping off Brooklyn Bridge because a friend has done it. The latter statement requires no detailed explanation. It is a fact that the example is far-fetched, but the idea of one's always following directly in the footsteps of another is the height of foolishness.

In the past, man has found it necessary to live his own life. Naturally, if all human beings were to live, en masse, accomplishing the same ends, doing and living all in the same vein, the human race would be as far advanced today physically, intellectually, and spiritually as a bevy of ants, surviving only to exist, never to achieve and progress.

In the conflict now raging in the chaos that was Europe, conformity has proved the greatest weapon of the Axis Powers. In the totalitarian state, where all think and act the same for dictator and state, conformity is an absolute necessity for the survival of that state. Likewise, conformity is an ally of the defensive nations. In the present war, as in all wars, the government must have the support of its people — and the people must all conform to the ideals of that government. To that end, propaganda campaigns are extensively carried on until the people of warring nations think almost identically alike, thereby succumbing to the level of insects in order that their country may prove victorious — another of the innumerable ways in which war is a throwback. In this case, conformity is the cause.

Looking at the other side of the question, it is evident that a certain amount of conformity must exist. People must conform to rules established by intelligent leaders, for the good of their community; they must conform to rules of religion and morals which are generally accepted and adhered to by the best members of society.

To determine a happy medium, or at just what point conformity is advantageous, is a difficult task. If one obeys the present laws and obligations, yet diverges from the accepted trends to the extent of progressing and bettering the human race, that media has been established.

On a day in May in any city in the United States, one may be confronted by a soap-box orator, venting his spleen on the government

(Continued on page 23)

Silver Cup

Pauline Denbroeder, '41

WHILE Penny was waiting for the 2 o'clock bus, she stepped into the drugstore. Sliding onto a chair, she ordered a strawberry soda.

She thought: I'll call the hospital while I'm waiting.

Leaving the creamy soda untouched, she walked over to the telephone booth.

"Hello, this is Penelope; how's Mother? When will you operate? Three o'clock? Oh, well, thanks. 'Bye."

She drifted back to the soda fountain.

Twenty minutes later, a slim, young girl, clothed in a white sharkskin dress, got off the bus at Alpine Park. She peered carefuly up and down the street for any signs of traffic, and then cautiously skipped across to the other side. As the iron gate swung open, she was greeted by the tennis players sprawled about the court.

"Hi, Penny!"

"Gonna win today?"

"We're betting on ya!"

She smiled back at them, a bashful, wistful smile. For Penny knew that she was popular only because she played tennis better than average. They recognized Penny as their one chance of winning for the *Alma Mater*. They knew Penny Stanford as the star tennis player, but they did not know Penny Stanford, the person.

As Penny rose from the player's bench to meet her opponent in the championship match, she was at her best — blonde hair whipped by the wind, flushed cheeks, brown eyes sparkling with their starry brightness. It was easy to see that Penny loved to play tennis.

When the referee glanced at his watch to start the game, Penny shrieked, "What time is it?"

"Three o'clock," he answered.

"Three o'clock!" she echoed.

The audience gathered about the court seemed to fade, and in the blur of faces, Penny saw only her mother's white face against the pillow. She tightened her grip on the racket and sent the first ball soaring the net. She felt as if she were floating through the air, never touching the ground. She worked like a smooth machine, merely batting the ball back and forth. No placements — no tricky shots. Voices seemed to drift to her ears as if she were in a fog. She did not see the messenger deliver the telegram to Coach Hall, nor did she hear the quiet, shocked whisperings of the surrounding group. She did not know when she lost the first set 6-3.

As the second set began, Penny saw things more clearly. She thought: Mother will pull through — she's got to! I must fight with her!

Somehow she would give her mother strength. Her spirits rose; she sensed every move of her opponent. Every muscle tense, she played with her heart. Her slim tanned body swung with the grace and agility of a natural player. Difficult backhand shots; swift balls slammed at her feet — all these she returned with perfect coordination. At the end of the second set, she led 8-6.

She thought: We're winning Mother — we're winning!

While Penny brought the fans to their feet with her superb tennis, the coach nervously fingered the yellow envelope. How could she tell Penny? — Penny, who was radiant with happiness over joyous victory — Penny who was now being congratulated as the champion.

The referee raised his hand to still the tumult of the appreciative fans.

He shouted, "Penny Stanford, the Girls' Singles Winner of Lake Falls County!"

Cameras flashed as Penny Stanford was presented the silver cup. The fans cheered wildly, and the newspapermen smiled broadly. But Penny was lost in the wonders of the silver cup. She gazed into it, and the beauty of the sunset's reflection reminded her of a white face against the pillow.

"Mother," she said in an awed voice, "how could I forget you?" She darted up. The fans were relinquent to lose their prize. She found it difficult to shove through the crowded court. Miss Hall, Penny's coach, shouted desperately to be heard above the roar, but Penny ran on; her heart singing to see her mother. Her mother — the yellow envelope.

The big, transportation truck lumbered along the highway. Too late the driver saw the dashing white figure dart among the parked cars into the street. Her cup clutched in one hand and her tennis racket in the other, she felt the full impact of the truck strike her tense little body.

As the scream of the siren filled the air, the truck driver carefully lifted the limp form of Penny Stanford; in her left hand, clasped firmly, was the silver cup, unbroken — sparkling in the twilight.

Conservation of Our Natural Resources

Walter Gibson, '41

CONSERVATION of our natural resources is as important for the future as it is for national defense. If there were not conservation, large business firms would ruin the wealth of our country. Conservation is really a check to assure the generations to come that when they are born, they will not come onto a barren desert.

Trees, coal, oil, game, fish, and many other natural resources are taken for granted. All the people do not stop to think how many years it takes for a tree to grow, or how many million years it takes coal and oil to form. However, there are a few individuals who realize the importance of conservation. It is these individuals who bring the importance of conservation before the public. The people of this country are becoming conservation conscious. This is being brought about by national defense.

The policy of conservation can be divided into three main groups. First, reclamation, second, forest and mineral lands, and last, cooperation. These three headings are generally given to conservation. Many people have come to believe that conservation deals only with our forests. Conservation embraces much more than forests.

The first general heading mentioned was reclamation. Reclamation means reclaiming arid and swamp lands for useful purposes. Our government is doing much to control the dust storms of the West. The dust storms are somewhat controlled by wind breakers, planting grass, irrigation, and loosening the hard-baked soil, so that it may absorb rain.

Flood control is another very important item in conservation. This is helped by building levees, planting trees, and building dams. The United States has developed its water power more than any other country in the world. Each year after the spring thaw, floods are a great threat to our country. Soil errosion is another problem which goes along with flood control.

Since there is a need for army camps and practice fields, many thousands of farmers have lost their farms to the government. Now, more than ever before greater strides are being made to reclaim swamp lands which are really fertile for farming. Arid lands are reclaimed by extensive irrigation.

The second classification is forest and mineral lands. Very little control relative to mineral lands is exercised by our government. However, in foreign countries the governments control their mineral lands. There is a possibility that some day it may come about in this country. However, American initiative and industry make the most of our minerals. Coal and oil companies employ research chemists who have discovered full use of coal and oil by making many useful by-products.

The forest is a very important factor in the lives of every individual. It not only supplies us with recreation and pleasure, but with many products such as homes, furniture, matches, etc.

There are four kinds of forests — national, state, community, and private. The national parks provide many with recreation. It is estimated that in 1940 more than thirty-four million people visited our national parks. These parks are free and usually contain freaks of nature, such as geysers, caves, and glaciers. National parks are also a refuge for birds and game.

Throughout our country there are numerous national parks. Careful planning of cutting the trees makes it possible for these beautiful forests. The national parks were first started by President Cleveland. President Theodore Roosevelt started the first real conservation program. Each president since has tried to enlarge upon conservation, as each has realized its importance.

President Franklin Roosevelt asked congress to have a committee investigate forest conservation. The committee reported that it favored strict supervision of private forest lands and the purchasing of lands that lie in critical waterlands.

When Henry A. Wallace was Secretary of Agriculture, he said, "The Nation has not provided adequately for defense of forests." It is interesting to note that four-fifths of the forests are privately owned.

Each state has its own forests, which are kept and regulated by it. One of the newer plans is the community forest. These are maintained by the town or city owning them. The government has provided for game and bird sanctuaries for the preservation of American wild life.

The enemies of the forest are fire, insects, and disease. Much is being done to control

these enemies of the forest. This is accomplished through cooperation of the state and the national government.

Cooperation is the last topic. When President Roosevelt was in office, he called the governors of several states together and with them they worked out a conservation program based on cooperation. In the state and government forests, there are fire towers, fire wardens, game wardens, etc. All these help to protect our forests and assure the Americans that this will not be a barren desert.

Even seals are controlled under conservation. Only three-year-old surplus males are eligible for seal-skin coats.

National defense is one of the foremost topics of the day, yet this would not be possible if it were not for our forests. Wood is used in making aircraft, guns, gas masks, explosives, chemicals, and hangars. There are many materials to which it contributes.

In conculsion, I believe that as time goes on, because of their importance, national resources will be controlled by the national government.

Conformity As an Enemy to Progress

(Continued from page 20)

and people of America throw over this government and become Communistic — he is nonconformist. The nonconformist is not following in the path of all good Americans; he is preaching a revolution. He is a nonconformist, but not the type that will better a race. Behind the mere act of diverging from the beaten path, there must be straightforward and logical thought and conclusion. If the beaten path has been beaten because it has been proved to be the best, why leave it? On the other hand, if better things can be achieved by the explorer's entering the forest, he should hesitate only long enough to formulate plans, then plunge n and fight for an end, regardless of the barriers to be overcome.

Illiteracy is the curse of much conformity. One must draw his own conclusions as to when conformity or nonconformity is the better course; however, because we did it yesterday need not precipitate our doing it today. Why?—Because yesterday was yesterday, and we are living today and—tomorrow. Robert Clements,'41

On Furlough

(Continued from page 18)

livid with a cruel expression, almost like that of suppressed anger. He wondered if his listener had understood that the champagne, the mere presence of it, signified a man's suffering and sorrow. It had taken courage to tell that story, even to him, a dear friend.

He uncorked the bottle; the champagne bubbled and then became calm in the crystal glass.

TRACK

A SQUAD of experienced sprinters reported to Coach Toiva Tyni this year for his track team. Except for distance running, the team has speed in all running events. A squad of excellent jumpers and pole-vaulters displayed for Abington great power in the field. In the first four contests Abington piled up exceptionally large scores against their opponents. Among their victims were Attleboro, Hingham, Cohasset, and Braintree.

In all their meets, the team scored in the sprints, relays, high-jumps, and broad jumps. The squad is fairly strong in the shot-put and pole-vault, but a little weaker in the half-mile and the mile. Although the team consists mainly of veterans there are some very good underclassmen; therefore next year the school will still have some very capable trackmen.

Because of a star track team there have been large audiences at most of the track meets. It would be well for the school to support its track team every year as well as it has this season. The whole school thanks Coach Toiva Tyni and the boys who have made this splendid track season possible.

Track Results

Name	*Points*	*Name*	*Points*
Chester Stone	52	John McAuliffe	18
Henry Mackiewicz	34	Donald Robertson	10
Leo Kahian	28	Richard Fredenburg	7½
Edmund Stankewicz	28	Herbert McMann	3
James Lundin	21	Victor Lescynski	2
Lawrence Griffin	19	David Wales	1

Robert Melville, '42

BASEBALL

THIS year Coach Richard Morey came up with a baseball team the like of which has not been seen in Abington for many years. Although almost completely inexperienced, the players have partially overcome this weakness and shown flashes of very good baseball. Although the team has not been as successful as in some other years, the boys all deserve the congratulations of the student body.

A unique feature of this team was the large number of freshmen on the squad. There were more freshmen on this team than there were boys from any other class. The play of these younger fellows gives promise that during the next few years they will develop into a fine team. It is the wish of the whole school that the boys who played for Abington High School's baseball team will have much success when again, next Spring, another baseball season presents itself.

Robert Melville, '42

School News

SENIOR NOTES

For the past few weeks, the senior class has been caught in a whirlwind of activities. Various committees have been working hard in order that everything at the graduation exercises may go smoothly.

Honor parts went to the following members of the senior class: Converse Blanchard, Valedictory; Marjorie Wheatley, Salutatory. Other parts went to: George MacPhelemy, History; Clayton Craig, Prophecy; John McAuliffe, Will.

June 6 had been set aside for class day and the class outing. Baccalaureate exercises will take place on Sunday, June 8. The banquet will be held on the evening of June 9. The graduation exercises will take place on June 10, and the reception to the seniors on the evening of June 11.

The following two committees have been appointed: Graduation committee—Jeanne Phipps, Doris Clapp, Jeanne Merrill, Nicholas O'Brien, and Robert Clements. Class Day committee—Gloria Brown, Helen Moriarty, Jeannette Clark, Clayton Craig, and Rex Melville.

Doris Fay, '41

THE JUNIOR PROM

The Class of '42 held its biggest social event of the year on Saturday evening, May 17. The hall was attractively decorated with varied colored streamers in pink, blue, yellow, and green, and the blending of the colors in the girls' evening gowns made a very pleasing and colorful sight. Music for the dance was furnished by Jay Mando's Orchestra. During intermission refreshments were served by a capable committee. The chaperons for the dance were Richard Morey and Mrs. Morey, Miss Margaret Curtin, and Charles Gorman.

SOPHOMORE NEWS

On the evening of April 18, the sophomore class held its first dance, the traditional Sophomore Hop. The orchestra committee was confronted with various problems, however, the class president, Allen Hendrich, ably assisted by Helen Gawronski and Clifford Paquette, tidied the evening over with "famous band" recordings. Those responsible for the success of the affair were Russell Gnong, Betty Smith, James Doughty, Merry Bauman, Lawrence House, Mary Blanchard, Narice Robertson, John Warner, Helen Wyman and adviser, Mr. Richard Morey.

The entire student body suffered a cruel shock Friday, April 24 when our classmate, David Brown, died very unexpectedly.

May 3 a discussion based on the booklet "You Can Defend America" was carried on in Room 1 by James Doughty, home-room president, assisted by Jean Brown, Richard Farnham, Helen Gawronski, Warren Davenport, Helen Wyman, and Joseph Gallagher. The few passages read convinced more than one pupil that America is and always will be a unified nation.

What I Have Learned from Mary White

(Continued from page 16)

encouragement to the down-trodden — she gave a part of herself to everyone who came into contact with her.

Mary White had the rare ability and good fortune of being able to accomplish something while laughing at herself. Because of her rare sense of the ridiculous, she never took herself too seriously; for no matter how somber the task was she undertook, she could always manage to laugh a little and make it a gay pleasure, only the under-lying principle remaining a task.

Mary White was more than an exceptionally fine young woman, she was a symbol, a symbol of the things we hold dearest to our hearts — Faith, Hope, and Charity — Faith in herself and in others, Hope for a glorious future for the world, Charity towards all men. Mary White is dead — but her spirit can never die.

Gloria Brown, '41

Aspiration

Yonder, curving, stately mountains
Stretching upward to the sky,
Give to one a sense most solemn
That these are gifts from God on high.

Snow-capped towers of strength sublime
Make their beauty ever glow,
Show to man through endless ages
That God is here on earth below.

Jane Gumpright, '42

GRADUATION

Outside the school room every tree was quivering with vibrant life, and every leaf shone like rich green satin in the warm sunshine. An arrogant mocking bird trilled his notes of joy and freedom against a background of heaven's own blue. In the classroom all was silent except for an occasional rustle of paper or the scratching of a pen.

Listlessly turning the pages of her book, Caroline gazed toward the school lawn where a robin perched on the branch of an elm tree. As she watched, he gave a happy chirp and flew out of sight. Seeing the birds so free to fly wherever they pleased made Caroline wish all the harder for school to close. "Oh," she thought, "if only I were graduating from high school and didn't have to come back here for two more years." She envied her sister who would receive her high school diploma the next night. Caroline visualized the pleasure she would have when she left the school building for the last time as a student. She would be free, free from the reprimands of teachers, and free from books and tests, forever.

As Caroline watched her sister dress for graduation the next night, she was surprised at the sadness of her face. "Why should she be sad?" thought Caroline. "She is through school." Of course it means losing old friends, but still she doesn't have to study any more."

An hour later Caroline, with her mother and father, was watching the seniors file slowly down the aisle and solemnly take their places on the stage. Many speeches were made and then the diplomas were passed out to the graduates. Caroline noticed that one or two brushed tears from their eyes. Even the boys appeared to be about ready to cry.

Then the closing speech was over, and the boys and girls filed down from the stage. As they marched, two by two, across the large auditorium nearly all were unashamedly crying.

The eyes of many parents were suspiciously moist as each watched his son or daughter march by, and the teachers thought of the many students who had marched across this same floor, in days past, at the close of their school days.

Suddenly Caroline knew why graduation was a sad occasion. It was so final. All the old ties were broken on this night, and the graduates began a new life. Those who were entering college in the fall would meet new friends, while those who were staying at home would gradually assume new responsibilities and their lives would also change.

As the final chord of the recessional march died away and everyone began to depart, Caroline looked at her school with new respect and silently made a vow many other young people had made before her. She would never forget high school; and she would carry the memory of her school days with her throughout life.

Narice Robertson, '43

Their Spirit Lives

The English people slept that night
  As bombers roared above.
In many souls there was no fright;
  In some hearts there was love.

The "war birds" dropped their deadly loads,
  Continued on their way.
They ruined many towns and roads;
  Some homes in ashes lay.

Many Germans had been downed,
  Their planes destroyed by guns;
The English spirit was not cowed,
  They did not fear the Huns.

Britain's planes had also hit,
  O'er Germany had swept.
They dropped their bombs; machine-guns "spit,"
  While still the English slept.

When morning dawned far in the east,
  The English rose again.
No living man or thing or beast
  Could rise o'er them and win.

William Taylor, '41

TO OUR SENIORS

You have not grown up just over night;
For twelve long years you've had to fight
To gain the place you hold today.
You've met great trials along the way,
But patient help and care and love
And guidance from our Lord above
Have led you on, and now you are
Close to that former distant star
Which marked your goal of long ago,
The goal for which you struggled so.
But now, don't think you've reached the end;
In life's long road it's just one bend;
For after this there's work to do,
Much blessed work awaiting you.
So with the knowledge you possess
Set out, intent to gain success.

Louise Blake, '42

JUNIORS

President, Mark Casey *Vice-president*, Robert Barteaux

Secretary-treasurer, Carolyn Holmes

SOPHOMORES

President, Allen Hendrick — *Vice-president*, Clifford Paquette

Treasurer, Betty Smith — *Secretary*, Narice Robertson

FRESHMEN

Front Row: J. Richard, R. LaPointe, M. Casey, C. Craig, H. Gawronski, C. Holmes
Second Row: J. Clark, B. Smith, E. Wales, R. Richard, C. Paquette
Third Row: K. Robertson, Mr. Frolio, A. Hendrick

The Student Council

THE Student Council, organized in 1936, has each year made considerable progress. During the past year, the council, ably led first by Principal Edward Landy, and after his resignation as principal, by Principal Charles M. Frolio, has specialized in good assemblies. At much expense to the council, speakers were obtained to speak on Latvia, the Balkan States, and India. Joe Mitchell Chapel, famous author and lecturer, spoke of his experiences and of his interviews with famous men, many of them presidents of our country.

These programs were paid for by the council with funds raised by running a dance and by the sale of refreshments at indoor athletics.

During the progress of the year, the council instituted Safety and Honesty Campaigns, in which every member took a prominent part.

Certain school alterations suggested by the students through their representatives on the council were instituted.

On the whole, the year 1940-1941, has been one of the best since the council was organized.

Front Row: Frances MacPhelemy, Louise Blake, Jeannette Clark, Converse Blanchard, Clayton Craig, Pauline Goucher, Jane Gumpright
Second Row: Betty Smith, M. Wheatley, M. Wheatley, D. Clapp, J. MacGown, C. Holmes
Third Row: R. Johnson, R. Gnong, G. McLean, R. Melville, F. Perry
Fourth Row: Miss Chadbourne, E. Keily, R. Clements, H. Griffith, R. Robertson, Mr. Palopoli

The "Abhis"

During its nineteenth year as a school publication the *Abhis* has put out three issues, two magazines and a combination magazine and year book. During the past year the staff has labored hard to improve the magazine. Because of poor circulation and limited funds they have been somewhat hampered in their efforts.

Members of the staff have attended three of the four meetings of the S. E. M. League of School Publications. In January the staff was host to the league, when the regularly scheduled meeting was held at Abington High.

In September Leonard Palopoli assumed the duties of faculty adviser to the business staff in place of H. Edgar Pray who had resigned the previous spring to take another position. Miss Annie Chadbourne has again served as literary adviser.

Officers of the staff were editor, Converse Blanchard; literary editor, Jeannette Clark; art editor, Marjorie Wheatley; business manager, Clayton Craig; advertising manager, Robert Clements; circulation manager, Edward Kiely.

Front Row: N. O'Brien, C. Craig, L. Kahian, R. Clements, C. Blanchard, E. Stankiewicz, W. Davenport, R. Melville, Mr. Frolio

Second Row: A. D'Amato, W. Seaman, C. Murphy, J. Doughty, F. Merrill, K. Robertson, R. Eldridge, F. Boothby

Third Row: E. Keily, W. Alden, B. Barrows, G. Blanchard, R. Carlson, R. Barteaux, C. Paquette, A. Hendrick

Fourth Row: W. Clark, G. MacPhelemy, M. Casey, J. McAuliffe, W. Pastuszak, S. Garjian, A. Fish

HI-Y Club

THE Hi-Y Club is composed of about thirty boys who have been selected because of character and prominence in scholarship or athletics. It is a recognized function of the school and is affiliated with the National Hi-Y Fellowship. Its object is best expressed by the Hi-Y creed: "To create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community high ideals of Christian character."

Under the capable supervision of Charles M. Frolio the club has been active. A dance held during the Christmas season was the means by which the club raised money to carry on its work. Members of the club participated in many social affairs such as a banquet for the fathers of members, a girl friend night, visitations to various clubs, and many meetings at which time they derived numerous valuable ideas from worthwhile speeches.

Representatives were sent to the Hi-Y conference at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Numerous other duties, such as a contribution to a Christmas fund have been entered into by the club.

Front Row: C. Arnold, H. Wyman, M. Angeley, F. Dauksewicz, H. Gawronski, H. Moriarty, J. Phipps, A. Kerr, A. Angeley, J. Merrill, D. DeWitt, H. Buchawski, J. MacGown
Second Row: P. Keith, T. Smith, J. Schofield, M. Snow, J. St. James, P. Peavey, C. Keenan, E. Donovan, M. Wheatley, M. Caulfield, M. Bellows
Third Row: P. Roberts, J. Meserve, M. Bauman, L. Colburn, B. Barlow, Miss Higgins, H. Tamkun, H. Rushwick, J. McAnaul, D. Clapp, M. Wheatley
Fourth Row: R. Wakefield, B. Sanborn, W. Seaman, N. O'Brien, L. Balchunas, C. Craig, R. Richard, D. Davis, J. Angeley, C. Bellows
Fifth Row: G. McDermott, J. Evans, C. Calderara, H. Mackey, R. Melville, R. Robertson, C. Blanchard, J. Richard, R. Clements

The Science Club

THE Science Club began a very successful year with Charles M. Frolio as faculty adviser. Because of his nomination as principal of the school it was necessary for him to relinquish his duties with the club. Miss Virginia Higgins was chosen to succeed Mr. Frolio.

The second annual "Snow Ball" was held, and Miss Beulah Medets of Bridgewater won the coveted title of "Snow Queen". Miss Marjorie Wheatley of Abington came in second with the title of "Snow Princess". The hall was beautifully decorated with snow scenes on the walls and a large mural on the stage.

The regular meetings held after school consisted of science demonstrations, movies, and socials.

The officers of the club are Walter Gibson, president; Jeanne Phipps, vice president; Robert Wakefield, secretary; and Annette Kerr, treasurer.

BURDETT COLLEGE

Where THE TRAINING MEETS THE NEEDS OF THE TIME

for the immediate demand

for the future opportunity

One- and two-year courses. Well-qualified faculty. Extra-curricula activities. Day and Evening classes. Previous commercial training not required. Courses meet the needs of business and government. Calls for graduates exceed the supply. Catalogue contains full information.

•

BUSINESS TRAINING SINCE 1879

BURDETT COLLEGE

Telephone HANcock 6300

156 STUART STREET, BOSTON

Coal Coke

HARDWARE GROCERIES

SALES and SERVICE

Headquarters for

Surge Milkers and Dairy Equipment

ELECTRIC FENCERS

Abington Coal Corp.

Tel. Rockland 345

241 Centre Avenue Abington

SULLIVAN

FUNERAL HOME

Telephone Rockland 920

41-45 E. Water Street Rockland

McANAUL

MACK'S LUNCH

North Avenue

North Abington Mass.

Treat Yourself to the Best

Joe's Barber Shop

Clean and Quick Service

493 Washington Street Abington

Jennie R. Smith Specialty Store

Agent for the Dun-Rite Cleansers

Martin's Bakery Block

EMPIRE THEATRE

Nick Moses

John W. Coleman

GAS - OILS - LUBRICATION

TIRES and BATTERIES

250 Brockton Avenue Abington

EDDIE BAILEY'S SERVICE STATION

Telephone 1570

ABINGTON CENTER

MARTIN'S BAKERY

205 North Avenue North Abington

Plymouth Rock Ice Cream

"It's Good for the children"

•

Manufactured under the
Sealtest System
of Laboratory Protection

•

Approved by
Good Housekeeping Institute

•

Served exclusively in our cafeteria

Noyes Photographer

172 Main Street Brockton

North Abington Public Market

MEATS GROCERIES VEGETABLES

FISH and FRUIT

Rockland 1354 200 North Avenue

C. H. RUSSELL CO.

FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING

Used Furniture For Sale

Storage Warehouse

North Abington Telephone Rockland 189

George D. Wheatley
Agent

Successor to Abington Office

HOWLAND NASH & COLE INC.

"Any Form of Insurance in the Strongest Companies"

Phone Rockland 1224

550 Washington Street Abington

ELECTRIC HOT WATER is surprisingly economical, very likely costing less than you now pay, yet it is deluxe service — clean, safe and silent, and all you ever do is turn the faucet. Get the full story.

Brockton Edison Co.

ROY R. DAMON

New — PONTIAC — Used

Telephone Rockland 682

288 North Avenue North Abington

HOWARD JOHNSON'S

ROUTE 18

WHITMAN

LITTLEFIELD - WYMAN NURSERIES

FLOWERS
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Our Telephone is Rockland 1200

423 Adams Street — North Abington

JOHN MATHESON

GENERAL INSURANCE

Telephone Rockland 1181-M

526 Washington Street — Abington

DONOVAN'S

Those Incomparable Hot Dogs

After the Dance

ALSO

Chop Suey and Hamburg

Robertson's Market

J. S. Robertson, Prop.

MEATS, GROCERIES, FRUITS
AND VEGETABLES

Free Delivery

Phone Rockland 1054 - 1055

5 Center Avenue — Abington

ATWOOD & COMPANY

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

•

Telephone Rockland 962

•

1139 Washington Street — North Abington

Karl Crook Motor Co.

CHRYSLER and PLYMOUTH

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

SALES—SERVICE

Telephone 760–761

Abington — Massachusetts

H. PALMER BLAKE

INSURANCE

1097 Washington Street North Abington

G. D. LEAVITT

OPTOMETRIST

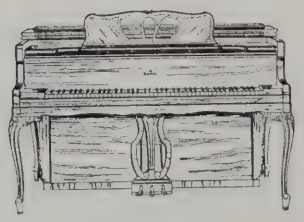
G. D. Leavitt, Jr.

OPTOMETRIST

Telephone Whitman 225

12 South Avenue Whitman

"A Home without a Piano is like a greeting without a smile."



Shaw & Clements Piano Company

32 West Elm Street Brockton

Mi 31 Solution

Mouth Hygiene is Essential. Gargle Mi 31 Antiseptic Solution full strength every night and morning and you will greatly reduce your hazard of catching cold or simple sore throat.

Bemis Drug Company

"The Six Busy Rexall Stores"

Abington — North Abington — Rockland

"In Plymouth It's Cooper's"

Hohman's Flowers and Gifts

The Home of Distinctive Flowers

CORSAGES INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED

Phone Rockland 350-W

GRADUATION GIFTS

WATCHES

For Girls $9.95 up
For Boys $7.50 up
Smart Styles — All Guaranteed

PEN AND PENCIL SETS
Priced from $1.00 up per set

A Complete Stock of

PARKERS, SHEAFFERS and EVERSHARPS
BIRTHSTONE RINGS FOR GIRLS $3.50 up
ONYX RINGS FOR BOYS 8.50 up

Many Other Suitable Gifts priced from $1.00 up

CONVENIENT TERMS CAN BE ARRANGED AT

GURNEY BROS. CO.

122 Main Street Brockton

BROCKTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

This school has a traditional background
of 50 years' experience in
successful training for business

SEND FOR LATEST CATALOGUE

Telephone 635

George E. Bigelow, Principal — 226 Main Street, Brockton

M. F. THAYER

Dry Goods

Telephone Rockland 846–M

Bank Building — Abington

GAS — OIL

Pond Plain Service

Certified Lubrication

BATTERIES — TIRES — ACCESSORIES

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Telephone Weymouth 0729

7 A.M. to 12 P.M.

Route 18

1603 Main Street — South Weymouth

The Abington National Bank

Established 1850

Deposits of Individuals and Institutions Solicited

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

TRAVELERS' CHECKS FOR SALE

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

Visit Retail Store at Factory

Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co.

Whitman — Massachusetts

Abington Fruit Store

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT

Fresh Vegetables in Season

Hi-Test Texaco Gas

Washington Street — Abington

Washington St. Market

ROCKLAND 271

Abington

TAMKUN'S MARKET

GROCERIES, MEATS

Telephone Rockland 1398

North Abington — Mass.

J. F. TERRY, INC.

E. A. Loomer, Mgr.

Sales CHEVROLET Service

USED CARS GUARANTEED

Telephone Rockland 30

336 Center Avenue — Abington

ROME BROTHERS

BASEBALL GOODS — SPORTING GOODS

FISHING TACKLE

Evenrude and Elto Outboard Motors and accessories

CASH or TIME PAYMENTS

Visit our display for your Sporting Needs

ROME BROS.

278 Union Street — Rockland 70

Johnson's Drug Store

D. F. JOHNSON

Registered Pharmacist

571 Washington Street — Whitman

Donald F. Robbins Co.

SALES & SERVICE

REFRIGERATION & HEATING

Telephone Rockland 1095-W

325 Union Street, Rockland

Erickson's News Store

CANDY — ICE CREAM — CIGARS

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Washington Street — Abington

Carey's Motor Trans. Co.

FURNITURE and PIANO MOVING

RANGE and FUEL OILS

Telephone Whitman 530

305 Temple Street — Whitman

RICE FUNERAL HOME

15 Webster Street — Rockland

SMALL SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Deposit 10c at a time until $3.00 is accumulated.

An ideal way for children's savings.

GENERAL PURPOSE CLUBS

Start at any time. Matures one year later.

FOR

VACATIONS — TAXES

COAL — ANNIVERSARIES

Weekly Payments

25c — 50c — $1.00 — $2.00 — $5.00

Accumulates the amount you want at the time you want it.

ABINGTON SAVINGS BANK

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

College of Liberal Arts

Offers for young men a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. Students may concentrate in any of the following fields: Biology, Chemistry, Economics-Sociology, English (including an option in Journalism), and Mathematics-Physics. Varied opportunities available for vocational specialization. Degree: Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Arts.

College of Engineering

Offers for young men curricula in Civil, Mechanical (with Diesel, Air-Conditioning, and Aeronautical options), Electrical, Chemical, Industrial Engineering, and Engineering Administration. Classroom study is supplemented by experiment and research in well-equipped laboratories. Degree: Bachelor of Science in the professional field of specialization.

College of Business Administration

Offers for young men six curricula: Accounting, Banking and Finance, Marketing and Advertising, Journalism, Public Administration, and Industrial Administration. Each curriculum provides a sound training in the fundamentals of business practice and culminates in special courses devoted to the various professional fields. Degree: Bachelor of Science in Business Administration.

School of Law

Offers three-year day and four-year evening undergraduate programs leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws. A minimum of two years of college work, or its full equivalent, required for admission to undergraduate programs. Case method of instruction.

The School also offers a two-year evening program open to graduates of approved law schools and leading to the degree of Master of Laws. Undergraduate and graduate programs admit men and women.

School of Business

Offers curricula through evening classes in Accounting, Industrial Management, Distributive Management, and Engineering and Business, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration in specified fields. Preparation for C. P. A. Examinations. A special four-year curriculum in Law and Business Management leading to the Bachelor of Commercial Science degree with appropriate specification is also offered. Shorter programs may be arranged. Co-educational.

Evening Courses of the College of Liberal Arts

Certain courses of the College of Liberal Arts are offered during evening hours affording concentration in Economics, English, History and Government or Social Science. A special program preparing for admission to the School of Law is also available. The program is equivalent in hours to one-half the requirement for the A.B. or S.B. degree. Associate in Arts title conferred. Co-educational.

Co-operative Plan

The Colleges of Liberal Arts, Engineering and Business Administration offer day programs for men only, and are conducted on the co-operative plan. After the freshman year, students may alternate their periods of study with periods of work in the employ of business or industrial concerns at ten-week intervals. Under this plan they gain valuable experience and earn a large part of their college expenses.

FOR CATALOG — MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
Director of Admissions
Boston, Massachusetts

Please send me a catalog of the

- ☐ College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ College of Engineering
- ☐ College of Business Administration
- ☐ School of Law
- ☐ Evening School of Business
- ☐ Day Pre-Legal Program
- ☐ Evening—College of Liberal Arts

Name.....

Address.....

C-31